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REMINISCENCES
of the Lincoln Bar and Other Incidents from 1840 to 1861
By the Editor.

In view of the many changes in our town and its inhabitants in the forty years that have passed since first I visited Stanford, I hope I will be pardoned in detailing some of the history and surroundings of this old, though much-loved town, in this the Centennial year, and of giving an account of those connected with him at the commencement of his professional life.

In September, 1841, the writer first beheld Stanford, a stranger just from College. In June, 1842, he came to make his home here, and took charge of the Seminary. In this capacity he continued through the years 1842-3, the last session assisted by J. H. Owsley, a member of the Stanford law. During these two years, in addition to the duties of teacher, he studied law, mostly reading at night books furnished by Kincaid, Bell and Hallinger, and occasionally questioned by them on matters of law. In 1843 he obtained license to practice, license was written out by Judge Bridges and signed by him and Judge Lusk. The resident attorneys of Lincoln county at this time were John Kincaid & Son, W. G. E. F. Fox, the Commonwealth's Attorney, Charles L. Ballinger, a grand son of John Logan, J. M. Smith, Asaiah Prentiss, Joseph H. Owsley, Thomas Hutton and W. S. Campbell, who acted as jailer and attorney. Asaiah Prentiss was a promising young lawyer from the North, was Associate in Bankruptcy and a Justice of the Peace. He married Miss Hutton, of Frankfort, a great-granddaughter of John Logan, in August, 1843, died a few weeks afterwards and was buried with Masonic honors in Buffalo Cemetery, but his remains were afterwards removed to the Frankfort Cemetery.

Resident lawyers, many of the attorneys from adjoining counties practiced in our Courts, among whom were Turner and Smith, from Richmond, Mitchell, Bell, Barbour and Boyle, from Danville; McKee, Lusk, Dunlap, Barton, Mason and Landrum, from Lancaster; Davis, Taylor and Thompson, from Harrodsburg; Willis, from Jessamine; Moore, Smith and Henderson, from Mt. Vernon; James, from Pulaski, and occasionally T. P. Stone and Sherman Williams, from Wayne, the latter then rather a Notional character, on account of his celebrated letter to General Harrison, during the great political campaign of 1840, and Lord Elder in 1840, Fox, Bell, J. B. Thompson and Boyle were the attorneys for the Commonwealth under Letcher, Owsley, Crittenden and Helm, from 1841 to 1851, and J. B. Bridges was Judge. During the period of Fox's services as Commonwealth's Attorney, several indictments were found by the grand jury under the law of 1833, called the John Green law, prohibiting the importation of slaves into Kentucky as merchandise. It was upon an indictment against Kincaid, which was tried in the Lincoln Circuit Court, and a verdict of \$1000 and costs returned against him, that General P. Henderson, at the Republic of Texas, appeared as a witness for the Commonwealth. This distinguished gentleman had been minister from the Republic of Texas to France under Houston, and was commander of the Texas Rangers in the war with Mexico. The writer met him first at Danville, where he was attending the Court in which the indictment against Kincaid was pending. The one tried in Lincoln was on charge of venue. Henderson was a noble specimen of the gentleman.

In March, 1843, in the Lincoln Circuit Court was tried the celebrated dog case, which created quite a sensation at the time. John Kryczyski, a native of Poland, had come to Stanford. His father was of the Patriarchs of that unfortunate country and in the downfall of that brave people his property was confiscated and his family banished. This son, John, sought a home in America as an exile. He was a fine French scholar, and stayed here a short time, and in his travels about our town he attempted to make friendly advances towards the dog of Samuel C. Gilbert, who then lived in the house now occupied by T. T. Davies. Kryczyski was bitten. He had been warned by Gilbert not to make approaches to the dog, as he was dangerous. J. H. Owsley filed the petition and W. T. Willis assisted him and in the trial made the closing argument, in one of his pathetic and characteristic speeches, interwoven with epic anecdotes and good humored sallies. He compared the speech of Hallinger and Fox to the speech of the crowd, to the tune of "Hark from the tomb, a doleful sound" and the ditty, "Jennie, is

your hocke dame, my dear?" Such was the effect on Hallinger that in the moment his anger was so aroused he was for using the knife on Willis, but Fox took it pleasantly, and peace was soon restored.

To Judge Bridges the writer owes much for his kindness and good advice. From him he received, on request, a certificate of his qualifications as clerk, drawn by that prince of clerks, M. T. Christman, and he will ever preserve it as a token of the kindness of the Judge towards him. Many a time in the silent watches of the night has he gone to his room to sit and listen to him as he read over Chancery papers and commented on the matters at issue, and pointed out the questions involved, and at times he has requested him to read papers that he might call attention to the point and facts upon which his opinion was to be based. I can never forget his kindness. Alas! he is gone and the old hotel and the room in which he stayed are gone, and the old Parlor Tavern is no more, and the old Brick Tavern, in which Fox was married more than fifty years ago, is gone, but another fills its place. The old Tavern House, in which Read, Kincaid, and Perrin lived, is also torn down, and a beautiful residence is being erected, which is nearly completed. The business houses of McRoberts & Wilson, Henley & Jones, McAlister & Guest, Scott, and others, have disappeared, and the beautiful City Hall and finely finished store-rooms now occupy their places. The brick corner of Helm, in which the writer had his office years ago, the bank now adorns, but that old brick of Helm remains one of the ornaments. Thomas Helm, the old Clerk, was a man tenacious of his honor and integrity, of generous impulses, and to the young he sought his advice, ever kind and impressive; a "Clerk the peer of many." To the writer he was peculiarly kind. Having at the age of 25 lost his wife and just begun the practice, he was left in a sad condition, and at this period when he most needed sympathy and friends, Mr. Helm unsolicited tendered him a home in his family, furnishing him a good room, board for himself and horse, with a good office in the old brick house of charge, and access to his books, the records and papers of the Clerk's office, thus giving him an opportunity to make himself familiar with business, and where he would come in contact with members of the bar and others having business in the office, and copying records and discharging other business of the office when not otherwise engaged. For these kindnesses the heart will ever feel grateful, and of his good and pious wife, Aunt Polly, what shall I say? Her name and maternal advice can never be forgotten. Often have I sat at the old homestead and listened to these aged ones as they spoke of pioneer life and people, and of localities of historic fame and interest—the old Fort, the old Jail, the St. Asaph Spring, of the race that led to the old mill, of the old horse race from which it was said the Indian shot the white man who was carried into the Fort by Logan, and spoke of the hardships of the inmates of the Fort as received by them by tradition, and of the rejoicing when the pioneers from the Yaukuk reached the finished inmates of the Fort.

All these were of interest to the listener; but, alas! these traces are all gone and the kind voices of the narrators are silent in the grave; but the impressions made will remain forever. And, I hope that the writer will be pardoned for a digression. While the cause broke, the buffalo trees, the old Fort are gone, I can but allude, also, to the little cabin a mile or so away from the Fort, and the cane and trees, once the abode of a heroic woman, one of whose descendants, Mrs. S. W., lives in Stanford, and another near by, Mr. J. D. K. Around this cabin the wild beasts prowled, and on one occasion Bruin attempted to make an entrance into that cabin by way of the chimney, but this daring and brave woman, assisted by her son, drove him away with an ax, and thus saved her little twin boys, who were quietly sleeping in their rude cradle. These twin sons of a noble mother lived to tell her heart with pride—lived to fight the battle of their country, both participating in the bloody battle of the Thames, one being the captain of the guards at the time of the attack, and who was seriously wounded, but survived, the two married sisters, and full of honors and of age, died in the same home near the little cabin in which they were born. The writer was present with one of them when he died.

Many other changes have taken place here and in the country around our town. But seven or eight ancient buildings west of Lancaster street remain; all the rest are new, and of the inhabitants who greeted me as a citizen of this place in 1842, but few remain, among whom are W. G. Bailey and wife, Peyton Embury, J. N. Craig and wife and her two sisters and two brothers, Mrs. Susan Warren, Mrs. Lytle, Mrs. W. R. Carson, Mrs. Parsons, Dr. Montgomery, S. R. Wharton, T. B. Short, G. H. McKinney, Mac Huffman, and perhaps a few others.

The members of the bench and bar with whom I first associated are most all gone, only five besides myself survive that attended our Court in 1842-3; but the impressions made by them can never be forgotten, or the recollections of their professional conflicts. Who can forget the pointed instructions, the plain rulings of Judge Bridges, his familiar manner, his stern dignity on the bench, his kindness to the young attorney? Who can forget the musical voice, the eloquent appeals of Bell and Speed Smith, the tact of Turner, the pleasantness of Moore, the humor of Willis, the arguments of Kincaid, the suavity of Dunlap, the earnestness of Boyle, the seriousness of Hallinger, the bluntness of Hutton, the genial manner of Hutton, the quiet of James, the eccentric Owsley, the sledge-hammer force of J. B. Thompson, the good humor of Campbell, the swagger of Smith, and above all, the wit and marked courtesy of Fox, ever ready in his felicitous way to make all surroundings pleasant, to soothe the excited members and pour oil on the ruffled waters. J. M. Smith was a companionable man, and a well-read lawyer, but he had his faults and serious ones, yet he was a man of unsurpassed memory, a living library of information, and an imagination ever ready to supply and bolster up his case when facts and circumstances were wanting, and such was his skill in hydropathic writing that his pleadings were rarely tenable, and oftentimes not in the English language as the law required. He was so gifted in reading and construing his written marks as to make his pleadings conform to the requirements of the Court's rulings, and make his petitions and pleadings generally stick. Such is a hasty sketch of the bench and bar of Lincoln county years, many years ago, nearly all of whom have passed away; but their brilliant deeds, their works, the traces of their gifted intellects may be found in the records of our Courts, which survive them and which live in the archives as monuments for the admiration of posterity, of the witness as pleadings and opinions of the bench and bar of our civil and criminal Courts, in those days when John S. Bridges presided as the Judge of the Lincoln Circuit Court, and Thomas Helm, in person or by dictation, made up the orders of said Courts. R. B.

A Methodist Takes Tea in Town.

From the Interior Journal.

In your excellent and spicy Journal of January 7th, you published, as editorial, this paragraph:

Let the clergy come to the rescue of the stage, give it for whatever they can see good in it, and denounce only what they see of evil, and we will guarantee that the good in each will revert to the cause of religion."

Are we to understand, by this sentiment you put forth, that there is, and do you so teach, a religious element in the drama? It seems to me very strange that any impartial Bible reader can teach the idea that there is any moral or religious good resulting from stage performances. The drama, in its very nature, must be a worldly amusement. What are the strong influences and elements of the stage in its usual performance? The principal species and meaning is *tragedy*, which indicates grace and light action of the passions—regular and worldly in their nature—and not holy and spiritual, but producing false and sometimes fatal issues, causing feelings of sorrow and regret, as in less of life violence, all of which influences is directly the reverse of Christianity or religious teachings. Now the question at issue is: Is there a religious element in the drama, as intimated in your article? What ever you private or individual views may be as to the moral or immoral influences of stage performances, we have nothing to say; but you, as a public teacher, for we believe all editors and publishers of newspapers are teachers in a proper sense, and should be responsible for what they say and teach. The question at issue here, then, we wish to have settled, not by mere assertions, but by established laws and principles of ethical truth. If the drama is a worldly amusement, where is the element in it "reverting," or promoting the cause of religion or religious truth? The Bible says, "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world; if any man love the world, the love of the Father, is not in him. We can not serve two masters at the same time. No man can serve God and mammon." We are, therefore, either on the side with God or with the devil. And again, God says: "He not conformed to this world." It is right, according to moral truth, for a Christian (it is the true Christian we are talking about) to engage in worldly amusements, as dramatized by the stage? To test the matter with yourself: could the true Christian, or can you, consistent with your notions of Christianity and as a moral, upright man, with an open Bible before you, get down upon your knees just before the curtain rises, and ask God to grant a blessing upon the performances about to take place? A Christian should not do anything that he can not ask God's blessing upon. These thoughts have been suggested by reading your strictures upon the influence of stage performances. But in this matter I desire no controversy—simply wish to have the question at issue answered and settled according to the principles of moral and religious ethics. And now, Brother Walton, is there a religious element in the drama and stage performances, "reverting" to and promotive of true religion? A METHODIST.

The New York "Boycott."—In his lecture in New York on Monday night James Redpath described the origin of Boycotting. Boycott compelled men to work at low wages, and they at last rebelled, although he owned the largest farms or was agent for them. He tried to get processes served, but the people wouldn't allow it. Finally the people ceased to have anything to do with the Boycott family. The people wouldn't tread the same soil, send their children to the same school, or go to the same church. The Government don't know what to do about it. "If you like Boycotting," the speaker said, in conclusion, introduce it here on a big scale. Boycott the British manufacturers of clothes or drinks. Let's starve those people.

I do not think there is in the whole Bible a passage of Scripture so refreshing to the soul as the promise that in the resurrection we are neither married nor given in marriage. Now that I think of it, I remember having heard Governor Spangue express the same opinion. —[James P. Christianity.]

"Am, I want to bury your black Sunday pants to attend a funeral," said one Galveston Irishman to another. "And whose funeral is it ye are anxious to attend in me black Sunday pants?" "Your own, he said, if yer don't find 'em to me!"

The people seem to think that advice like physics must be disagreeable to do good. Now we advise our readers to keep Dr. Hall's Cough Syrup handy, this advice is good and the remedy agreeable.

Extract from a letter from Ladies:—"Dear Doctor—You ask if I return your love. Yes, Joe, I have no use for it, and return it with many thanks. Hy-bye, Joe."

Maggie Mitchell.

From the Interior Journal.

Maggie Mitchell has been on the stage for thirty years. She acknowledges to forty-three, and as she has made a great deal of money, people wonder why she does not retire. The truth is, she is not as rich as she was, and her work now is for her children. Some years ago her husband, Padlock, bought the Forest Place at Long Branch, paying seventy-five thousand dollars for it, forty thousand of which was cash down. Time ran on and interest and taxes with it, but the little emmeedienne is in no sense a business woman, and she left every thing to her husband. One day the remaining thirty-five thousand fell due, and could not be met. The place was sold on mortgage, and brought less than her first payment, and she awoke to a realization of the fact that she had a hard time before her, and so the little woman is still on the stage. Maggie Mitchell, since her first great success in New York, nineteen years ago, has been a carry-all for her entire family. She feels them, lodges them and clothes them. She has an old father between seventy and eighty who is a veritable "wild heeler," and the only way he can be kept from giving way to his weakness lies in looking him up and feeding him on regular rations of whisky. In spite of the familiarity with her plays and acting Maggie Mitchell is still one of the great paying stars of the stage. She makes money constantly and everywhere, and she deserves to. She has created a school in acting, and in her school she is beyond imitation. Few women have given as great pleasure to the public.

Here is a lesson in politeness from a little fellow who is about eight years old. He says, not boasting but critically, "There were lots of little beggar boys that had no sleighs, and I asked them where they lived; and when I found a little beggar boy I dragged him home because I had a sleigh and he had nothing but a basket. I dragged home a lot of little beggar boys. One little beggar boy, he said to me, 'Thank you,' when I dragged him home on my sleigh; and he said it so good that it was for all the rest."

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III. Good writing in every column, and fresh, original, accurate and dramatic to the treatment of every subject.

IV. Unexcelled editorial. The Sun's motto is to speak out fearlessly about men and things. V. Free range in dealing with every political party and equal readiness to commend what is good in any of them.

VI. A constant and complete record of the progress of the nation, the progress of the world, the progress of the human race.

VII. A complete and accurate record of the progress of the nation, the progress of the world, the progress of the human race.

VIII. A complete and accurate record of the progress of the nation, the progress of the world, the progress of the human race.

IX. A complete and accurate record of the progress of the nation, the progress of the world, the progress of the human race.

X. A complete and accurate record of the progress of the nation, the progress of the world, the progress of the human race.

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W. P. WALTON, Manager.

THE CHRISTIANITY STAND.

How the two stand. They met by chance—the usual way for Washington City—in a boarding-house. She was a charming blonde—gay, guileless, girlish and pitiful, as sweet as any seventeen summer blossom, blossoming into a very shower of golden hair, peachy cheeks and dreamy eyes could possibly make her. He was and, mature, sedate and with a full-fledged beard and a Senator's no trifling considerations with even sweet seventeen—notwithstanding the may have that faraway look in her eyes, full of unspoken and unspeakable things.

Thus met the calm cavalier Christianity and the lovely Miss Lillian Lugenleed, over five years ago, at the house of the lady's mother, where the magnanimous manipulator of Michigan's mission (the Senatorial secret) took, for the session, his room, his rest and his rum, with any quantity of harmony, hilarity and hash. [His magnanimity.] Miss Lillian served her common country as a subordinate stateswoman in the Treasury Department. They sat on opposite sides of the same table, complimented each other across the cabbage, cast sleepy eyes over the nutmeg chops, mutually promised the butter at breakfast, when their hair was combed, and its bangs neatly arranged—and fell so despondently in love that it was not long until meek and mild-eyed May sat herself down kerplow into the lap of January, as one should say, "Who but me?"

Here comes the rub in many a young girl's life. Before her, in fancy, rose a life of happiness and honor. Even the White House doors would swing open to the once unknown, unhonored Treasury girl, lifted at once from poverty and obscurity to fortune and fame. Ah, better a life hid away from the world's gaze, with one—but why moralize? They all do it, and will continue, perhaps, until further orders, in the same way, not at the same old stand.

THE SENATOR'S MAGNANIMITY.

I have no doubt Mr. then Senator Christianity, was deeply enamored of his young bride. I little doubt that his sixty-seven and Senatorial joint creek, as he knelt, made music in his ears. But within a few days—pending the divorce suit—he has given a different version of the matter. He married not for love—but for money, said he. One day, says he, I inadvertently suggested that Miss Lillian would make some man over so sweet a wife. From that hour Mr. C. was pursued. This innocent suggestion was misconstrued by both Mrs. and Miss Lugenleed into a proposal of marriage. Seeing the tempest, our Michigan came in as late as he could, as if he had been born a Kentuckian.

"If," he said (or wrote), "you take my pleasure, my thoughtless compliment, as an offer of marriage, then, come, please, come, I'll stand up to the rack! I'm a brave man! I have never yet fallen with my feet to the field and my luck to the foe! I really meant but a light compliment—the courtesies of the day; but if you, Mrs. and Miss Lugenleed, think it meant a matrimonial engagement, I'm ready for the sacrifice. Down in front! Hats off! Come to me arms, me own, me only!"

Seriously, did any reader ever know a one in which the chivalry of the olden, golden days so charmingly disposed itself?

THE TWAIN WERE MADE ONE. February 8, 1876, the knot being tied by the Rev. Byron Sunderland, of this city. So it is nominated in the bill for divorce, filed May 12, 1880, by Mr. Christianity. In this he alleges that he has faithfully kept and performed (I doubt it) all and singular his marriage vows. But, Dec. 25, 1879, at the St. James Hotel, in this city, take a room with one Edith. (Giro remember always that this singular is pronounced here) as his wife. This, as it is alleged, was not the only clerical indiscretion Mrs. Christianity indulged, but at diverse other times did bench her hopes of conjugal reconciliation. (See?) The answer and cross-bill of the lady exhibits a series of insults and assaults which are startling. She denies, of course, each and every charge of infidelity. She is, she says, constantly suffering great bodily pain, and is permanently injured in health from the wilful neglect of plaintiff in failing to furnish proper medical attention during sickness; hence no child was born alive of the marriage. Her cross-bill declares that she has been a faithful and devoted wife, but has been subjected to the grossest and most inhuman cruelty by the aged lane. At Lansing, Mich., March, 1877, he fell her to the floor with his fist, where she lay until helped to her feet. By writing, or causing to be written, a letter, he attempted to place her in a false and suspicious position in regard to the male bonanza at the Virginia Healing Springs, in August, 1878. Desperate followed her, in this city, again knocked her down and threatened that if she ever left him he would be a witness to ruin her character.

At Lima, Peru, whether she had followed the Minister Plenipotentiary and excessively extraordinary, September, 1879, he, while drunk, threatened to blow out her brains, saying, "If I had a revolver I would blow your brains out now," choking her until the finger-prints on her throat were left broad and deep, and driving her into the street with, "Go! I want you to go!"

THREE FROM HIS HOME. She went to a hotel and remained until Mr. Christianity apologized, when she returned. But the very next morning after, he "came to my bed-side, abused me shamefully and pinched my arms until they were black."

Several other assaults followed. She finally came home to her parents, both of whom reside in this city, having to borrow money to come on, since the banishment of a husband would not furnish the means to get away. The money she borrowed has been repaid by her mother.—[Washington Cor. C-J.]

The Old-Fashioned Girl. She flourished thirty or forty years ago. She was a little girl until she was fifteen. She used to help her mother wash the dishes and keep the kitchen tidy, and she had an ambition to make pies so nicely that papa could not tell the difference between them and mama's; and yet she could fry griddle cakes at 10 years of age and darn her own stockings before she was 12, so say nothing of knitting them herself.

She had her hours of play, and enjoyed herself to the fullest extent. She had no very costly toys, to be sure, but her rag doll and little bureau and chair that Uncle Tom made were just as valuable to her as the \$20 wax doll and elegant furniture to the children now-days.

She never said "I want," and "I don't want to," to her mother, when asked to leave her play, and run up stairs or down on an errand, because she had not been brought up in that way. Obedience was a cardinal virtue in the old-fashioned little girl.

She rose in the morning when she was called, and went out into the garden and saw the dew on the grass, and if she lived in the country, she fed the chickens and hunted eggs before breakfast.

We do not suppose she had her hair in curl-papers or crinolines, or had it "langued" over her forehead, and her thumbs were no trouble to her.

The old-fashioned girl did not grow into a young lady and talk about her beaux before she was in her teens, and she did not read dime novels, and was not fawning a hero in every plough-boy she met. She learned the solid accomplishments as she grew up. She was taught the arts of cooking and housekeeping. When she got a husband, she knew how to cook him a dinner.

She was not learned in French verbs, or Latin declensions, and her near neighbors were spared the agony of hearing her pour out "The Maid's Prayer" and "Silver Threads Among the Gossamer" twenty times a day on the piano, but we make no doubt she made her family quite as comfortable as the modern young lady does hers.

It may be a vulgar assertion, and we suppose that we are not exactly up with the times, but we honestly believe, and our opinion is based on considerable experience and no small observation, that when it comes to keeping a family happy, a good cook and housekeeper is to be greatly preferred above an accomplished scholar. When both sets of qualities are found together, as they sometimes are, they are the household over which such a woman has control blessed.

The old-fashioned little girl was modest in her demeanor, and she never talked slang or used big-words. She did not laugh at old people or make fun of cripples, as we saw some modern little girls doing the other day. She had respect for elders, and was not above listening to words of counsel from those older than herself. She did not know as much as mother and think that her judgment was as good as her grandmother's.

She did not go to parties by the time she was ten years old, and stay till after midnight, playing evreux and dancing with any chance young man who happened to be present.

She went to bed in season, and doubtless said her prayers before she went, slept the sleep of innocence, and rose up in the morning happy and capable of giving happiness.

And if there was an old-fashioned girl in the world to day, my hearers, keep her, and raise up others like her.—[Kate Thomas.]

As to Duplicate Wedding Gifts. Every joy in this imperfect world has its drop of bitterness, and the pleasure of getting wedding gifts is seriously alloyed when they are duplicated over and over again, as where the bride has a large circle of friends, they are very apt to be. How is the young house-keeper to face the responsibility of life weighed down with twenty-seven butter knives and not a single soup ladle, or with several gross of napkin-rings of all shapes and sizes, whom no stretch of fancy, to her bridal imagination can present the necessity for more than two? The rain of butter knives and napkin-rings become positively painful. One thinks of the fate of Tarpeia, and has a wild impulse to fly from the terror of that ghastly glitter. What is to be done in the emergency? If she is a young woman of more sense than sensibility she will probably sell the superfluous articles and buy coal scuttles and saucepans with the proceeds. That is often done. Only a day or two ago the London Times had an advertisement from a lady offering to sell to private ladies only; no dealers need apply! "a most miscellaneous lot of wedding presents, ranging from diamond car-rings and sable mantles, to carriage-rugs and 'some lovely' electro-plated dishes. But natures of a less practical mind shrink from this disposing of what are after all supposed to be the spontaneous tribute of affection or esteem. The exchange with the dealer, which is often provided for in purchasing the gift is a better way, but even that has its drawbacks. It has been made too much a matter of business; something of the sentimentality of the gift has passed away. There is, possibly, a better plan to be found. The majority of weddings take place within a limited portion of the year, and at very nearly the same time. In any particular set, moreover, each bride will probably receive her presents from nearly the same persons. Let there then be established a clearing-house for wedding gifts, where all shall be sent duly labeled, and where all contemporary brides may come together and exchange their duplicates. The inefficiency of parting with the originals by the vulgar method of sale will thus be avoided; each donor will feel satisfied to know that Miss Brown has the sugar-tongs destined for Miss Jones, Miss Jones on the other hand has the sugar-bowl meant for Miss Brown, and every body is happy.—[New York Herald.]

Stage Kisses. There was the platonic kiss of Kellogg, who used to fling them like icicles with his finger-tips; and as Sher Campbell once said, there were shivers in them. Then there was the Presbyterian kiss of Aida Dyna, who used to plant it on Montague's left ear, or on the back of his neck, and all years created no impression in the gallery that she had bit him; and the Lotta bubble, which always sounded like the pulling of a cork, and seemed to be a number of linked kisses, ever-renewing; and the Corinthian kiss of Wauwright—a severe affair; somewhat motherly, and when dropped upon a stock actor always frightened him a little bit, as if he had pulled a New Testament out of his pocket instead of a pack of cards; and the Carey kiss—ah! The romantic Carey kiss, that never begun anywhere and never ended—that ran down the back, and tangled in the arms and legs, and made the hair stand on end, and whose echoes were unending; and the cavernous Solenne kiss, that opened its ponderous and marble jaws with a report like the bursting of an India rubber balloon. Who shall formulate all the schools for us? Certainly not Abbott; for here is the spiritual kiss, and we are not educated up to it.

Senator Nye's Impressions.

Mr. Nye was a statesman of the heroic Western type, and after he had recovered from the first natural shiver incident to his introduction into so elevated an atmosphere, he was asked amid a choice circle of Senators what his first impression of the Senate had been. "Well," said Mr. Nye, "when I looked around and saw all you gentlemen looking so wise and dignified, I wondered how the devil I came to be here." There was a sally of appreciative laughter over this honest admission, and then Mr. Nye was asked what his second impressions were. "Well," said he, "after I had at there a few days and had heard you other fellows talk, then I wondered how the devil you all came to be here." There have been few sessions of the Senate in recent years in which Mr. Nye's humorous impressions were not so fully echoed by millions of citizens.

Edward Richardson, of New Orleans, is called there the "cotton king" of America. He is said to be worth \$15,000,000. He owns ten or twelve cotton plantations, on which from 15,000 to 20,000 bales of cotton are grown each year.

"Little baby is very ill, Charlie; I am afraid he will die." "Well, if he does die, mamma, he won't go to the bad place." "Why, Charlie, how can you say that?" "Oh, I know he can't, mamma; he's got no teeth to gnash."

Philadelphia girls are quick travelers. One of them who went sleigh-riding the other day made 12 miles in one lap.

Confacts for Old Maids. Old maids are useful. They can cook, sew and take care of the children and nurse sick people, and generally play the piano. Old bachelors are useless. They do not even know how to drive nails or split wood.

Old maids are amiable. If you want anything done that requires patience and kindness of heart, a single lady is sure to be the one to do it.

Old bachelors are ill-natured. They snub children, despise babies and hate young mothers, and are always too busily employed in seeing that other people take care of them that they have not a moment to give to any one else.

Old maids are nice looking, and "young for their years." Old bachelors generally have red noses, rheumatism in the knees, bald heads and mouths that turn down at the corners.

Old maids can make a home of one little room, and they cook delicious meals for one over the gas jet, in cunning little tin kettles, besides cooking all their own wardrobes. Old bachelors need an array of tailors, waiters, cooks and distant relatives to keep them comfortable.

When old maids are ill they tie up their heads in pocket handkerchiefs, take homopathic pellets out of two bottles alternately, and get well again.

When old bachelors are ill they go to bed and send for four doctors; have a consultation, a masterpiece full of black bottles, all the available married men who belongs to the club sit up with them at night, besides a hired nurse; they telegraph to their relations; and do their best to persuade the world that they are dying.

When an old maid travels she takes a sandwich, a piece of pound cake and a bottle of lemonade in a basket, and lounges comfortably in the carriage.

When an old bachelor travels he orders a meal in courses at the station, and raves because he has no time to eat before the "fifteen minutes for refreshments" has expired.

Old maids drink weak tea, and it cures their headaches.

Old bachelors drink strong liquor, and it gives them headaches.

Old maids are modest. They think their youth is over and their beauty gone. If after a while some autumnal lone is given them they take it as a sort of a miracle, and hope people will not laugh at them for "marrying so late in life."

How to Treat Frost Bites. If any part of the body gets frozen the very worst thing to do, is to apply heat directly. Keep away from the fire. Use saw if you can get it, or use the coldest possible water. Last winter our little boy lay five years from his feet until, on coming at considerable distance from the house, he cried all the way home, and the case seemed pretty bad. I brought a big paul of snow and put his feet in it, rubbing them with the snow. I was alarmed to see him keep his feet in the snow so long, but he could bear them out of it. It was half an hour before he could take them out, and then the pain was all gone, and when I had wiped them dry and rubbed them a little he was so comfortably comfortable, put on his stockings and went to play. He never afterwards had any more trouble with his feet on account of this freezing. His sister got her feet extremely cold and put them at once to the fire. Her case at first was not so bad as her brother's, but the result was much worse. Her feet were very tender all winter, and she suffered much from chilblains. Her toes had a swollen purple look, and she had to take a large size of shoes.—[American Agriculturist.]

He is no Ass. If humanity continues as glib as it has shown itself in the last few years, we shall advocate a new kind of school primer in order that people may learn in their childhood what you can't learn into some of them with a triphammer, even when they are old enough to go to Congress.

One lesson we should advocate having fixed up is something after this style:

"What is three card monte?" "It is a bad, bad game." "Who plays three card monte?" "One man who looks like a new school philosopher." "Can two play this game?" "Yes, my child. Even four can play at this game." "What does the fourth man do?" "He gets left, my child. He gets badly left. He loses all his money. He pulls his hair and uses wicked words." "Then the fourth man is no ass for playing?" "He is an ass."—[Whiteling Leader.]

All the use horse editors, who were too lazy to get a paper Christmas week, now come to the front and say, "We have had a week's rest, and we start upon another year with renewed vigor and determination to give our patrons a better paper than ever, etc. We know just how it is. We have done that way several times ourselves."—[Madisonville Times.]

MARKET. Flour, superfine, 100 lbs., 1.00; do, extra, 90 lbs., 90 cts.; do, No. 1, 80 cts.; do, No. 2, 70 cts.; do, No. 3, 60 cts.; do, No. 4, 50 cts.; do, No. 5, 40 cts.; do, No. 6, 30 cts.; do, No. 7, 20 cts.; do, No. 8, 10 cts.; do, No. 9, 5 cts.; do, No. 10, 2 cts.; do, No. 11, 1 ct.; do, No. 12, 1/2 ct.; do, No. 13, 1/4 ct.; do, No. 14, 1/8 ct.; do, No. 15, 1/16 ct.; do, No. 16, 1/32 ct.; do, No. 17, 1/64 ct.; do, No. 18, 1/128 ct.; do, No. 19, 1/256 ct.; do, No. 20, 1/512 ct.; do, No. 21, 1/1024 ct.; do, No. 22, 1/2048 ct.; do, No. 23, 1/4096 ct.; do, No. 24, 1/8192 ct.; do, No. 25, 1/16384 ct.; do, No. 26, 1/32768 ct.; do, No. 27, 1/65536 ct.; do, No. 28, 1/131072 ct.; do, No. 29, 1/262144 ct.; do, No. 30, 1/524288 ct.; do, No. 31, 1/1048576 ct.; do, No. 32, 1/2097152 ct.; do, No. 33, 1/4194304 ct.; do, No. 34, 1/8388608 ct.; do, No. 35, 1/16777216 ct.; do, No. 36, 1/33554432 ct.; do, No. 37, 1/67108864 ct.; do, No. 38, 1/134217728 ct.; do, No. 39, 1/268435456 ct.; do, No. 40, 1/536870912 ct.; 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